

**A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,**  
**Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

# MOON BEHIND THE HILL

I watched last night the rising moon  
Upon a foreign strand,  
Till mem'ries came like flowers of June,  
    Of home and fatherland  
I dreamt I was a child once more,  
    Beside the rippling rill,  
When first I saw in days of yore,  
    The moon behind the hills

Repeat last two lines.

It brought me back the visions grand  
    That purpled boyhood's dreams,  
Its youthful love, its happy land,  
    As bright as morning beams;  
It brought me back the spreading lea,  
    The steeple and the mill;  
Until my eyes could scarcely see  
    The moon behind the hill.

Repeat last two lines.

It brought me back a mother's love,  
    Until, in accents wild,  
I prayed her from her home above  
    To guard her lonely child;  
It brought me one across the wave,  
    To live in memory still,  
It brought me back my Mary's grave,  
    The moon behind the hill.

Repeat the last two lines.

And there beneath the silvery sky,  
    I lived life o'er again;  
I counted all its hopes gone by,  
    I wept at all its pain;  
And when I'm gone, oh! may some tongue  
    The minstrel's wish fulfill;  
And still remember him who sang  
    The moon behind the hill.

Repeat the last two lines.

**A. W. AUNER'S**  
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